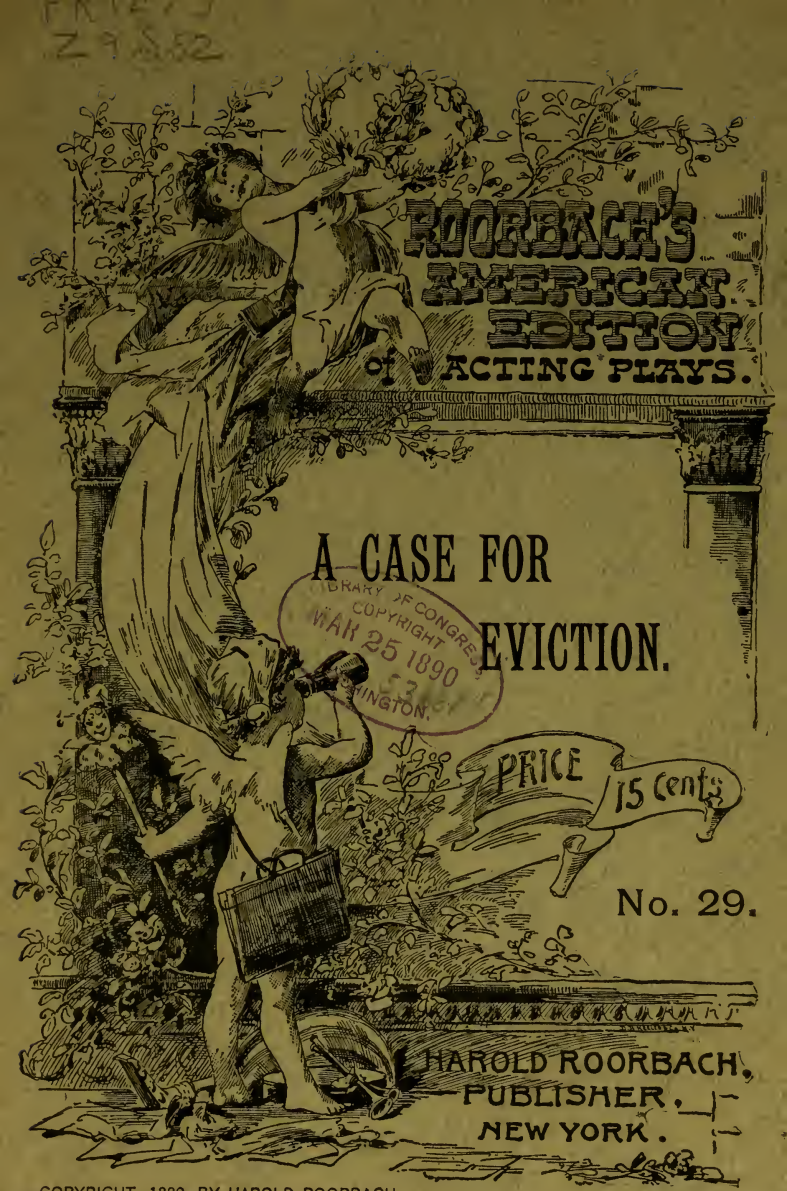
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A CASE FOR EVICTION

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT

BY

S. THEYRE SMITH

NEW AMERICAN EDITION, CORRECTLY REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL AUTHORIZED ACTING EDITION, WITH THE ORIGINAL CAST OF THE CHARACTERS, ARGUMENT OF THE PLAY, TIME OF REPRESENTATION, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, DIAGRAM OF THE STAGE SETTING, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS, EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS, ETC., AND ALL OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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A CASE FOR EVICTION.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

St. James' Theatre,
London,
Dec. 17th, 1883.

FRANK Mr. Alexander.
DORA Miss Linda Dietz.
MARY (*a servant*) Miss Whitty.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—THIRTY MINUTES.

THE ARGUMENT.

A young husband and wife having formed the acquaintance of Major O'Golly, a companionable Irish gentleman, invite him to spend a *few days* with them, which invitation he accepts and settles himself for *weeks* instead, making himself unpleasantly at home in spite of his hosts' numerous suggestions that their only spare-room is needed for other guests. The young couple are in despair that their first year of married life should be made so miserable, for this man's presence is a constant bone of contention and the wife is sorely vexed that her husband does not do something to get rid of their guest; but he reminds her of the delicacy of his position;—that he is a young physician anxious for practice, and that the Major's ill-will might do him infinite harm; so they must bear with him until he chooses to go. But finally when the maid-servant threatens to leave in consequence of the Major's familiarity the husband determines to find out definitely when he intends to leave, but is met with one of the Irishman's funny stories and made helpless with laughter, to the disgust of his wife, who declares that *she* shall tell their guest plainly to go. The Major's gift for pathos proves as great as his fund of humor; and he soon has the tender-hearted woman crying bitterly and she leaves him without carrying out her design. Relief comes with the unexpected arrival of Mrs. Major O'Golly whose presence has the effect of sending her lord out of the house in a most stealthy

manner and she is not slow to follow. The door is ordered to be locked and chained; but before it is done two *welcome* guests arrive, and so glad to see them are the husband and wife that they hope they will stay until they think it another CASE FOR EVICTION.

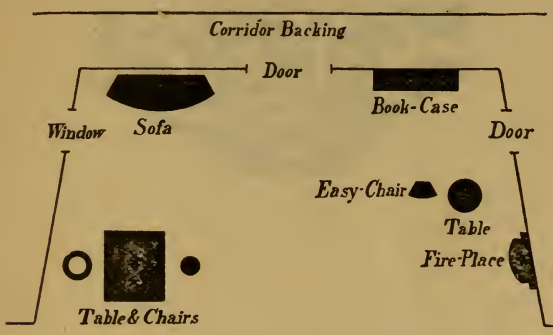
COSTUMES.

Morning dress for FRANK and DORA. Print gown, white cap, linen collar and cuffs for MARY.

PROPERTIES.

Furniture as per scene plot. Letters, bell, writing materials, stationery case, stethoscope, books, etc., on table, R. Books on book-case up L. Flowers in vase, and lady's fancy work on small table, L. Cornet off stage. Newspaper for DORA. Two letters, visiting card and telegram for MARY to bring in on a salver.

STAGE SETTING AND SCENE PLOT.



SCENE.—Fancy chamber boxed in 3G., backed with corridor backing in 4G. Doors C. and L. 3 E. Window R. 3 E. Sofa up R., book-case up L., against flat. Small table L., with arm chair R. of it. Large writing table R., with revolving chair R. of it and small chair L. of it. Fireplace at L. 1 E. Carpet down.

N. B. Set scenery is not essential to the action, and may be dispensed with if preferred.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

In observing, the player is supposed to face the audience. R., means right; L., left; C., centre; R. C., right of centre; L. C., left of centre; D.

F., door in the flat or back scene; R. F., right side of the flat; L. F., left side of the flat; R. D., right door; L. D., left door; C. D., centre door; 1 E., first entrance; 2 E., second entrance; U. E., upper entrance; 1, 2 or 3 G., first, second or third grooves; UP STAGE, towards the back; DOWN STAGE, towards the footlights.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

NOTE.—The text of this play is correctly reprinted from the original authorized acting edition, without change. The introductory matter has been carefully prepared by an expert, and is the only part of this book protected by copyright.

A CASE FOR EVICTION.

Scene.—*A doctor's consulting room; large pedestal writing table,* R., *with writing materials, stationery case, stethoscope, books, &c; door,* C; *door,* U. E. L.; *window,* U. E. R.; *bookcase with books against* L. F.; *fireplace,* I E. L.; *sofa against* R. *flat; small table,* L., *with lady's easy chair* R. *of it; vase for flowers on* L. *table; lady's work on* L. *table; revolving library chair* R. *of* R. *table.*

FRANK *and* DORA **enter** *from* C. *door.*

Frank. But, my dear Dolly, don't lay all the blame upon me. (*sits* R. *of* R. *table, and begins to open his letters*)

Dora. (*sitting,* L.) But, my dear Frank, where *am* I to lay it?

Frank. (*impatiently*) Why should you lay it anywhere?

Dora. Because I will not consent to bear it myself.

Frank. You ought to bear your share of it, at any rate.

Dora. Why, you cannot say, Frank, that *I* asked this man here.

Frank. If you did not ask him, you agreed to my doing so.

Dora. I! what did I say?

Frank. You said you knew he would be pleased to come.

Dora. Did I? I wish I knew when he would be pleased to go. Is there no way of getting the odious creature out of the house? Couldn't you speak to the landlord or something?

Frank. The landlord! what business is it of the landlord's?

Dora. Well, I thought *fixtures* were the landlord's business. Then couldn't you—couldn't you—— Oh, Frank! why did you ask him to stay here? (*opens newspaper*)

Frank. Oh, dear! That eternal question! I wonder how often you have asked me that in the last month?

Dora. A good many times, I dare say, for it has been the longest month I ever knew. Why *did* you, love?

Frank. What is the use of asking questions like that? Do you want the whole history repeated daily? That we met Major O'Golly at Buxton, and that we found him such a pleasant companion——

Dora. Don't say *we*, dear.

Frank. (*louder*) Such a pleasant companion that we asked him——

Dora. You mean *you*, love.

Frank. (*angrily*) That we asked him to stay with us for a few days.

Dora. And he has stayed a few *weeks*.

Frank. I know that, don't I?

Dora. And how much longer is he going to stay?

Frank. How on earth can I tell?

Dora. (*rises*) But, Frank, it's unbearable. This dreadful Irishman establishes himself in our best bedroom, makes my drawing-room his sitting-room, criticises my poor little dinners, interferes with my servants, has a latch-key and keeps what hours he pleases, turns night into day and day into night, Sundays into week days and—no, never week days into Sundays—(*crosses to* R. *table*) Of all the dreadful creatures to have in a house!—Oh, Frank! Do—do get him out!

Frank. (R. *of* R. *table*) My darling, how can I? I can't use actual physical force; and as for hints and suggestions and so forth, I've simply exhausted the whole language of innuendo without moving an eyelid of him, or only an eyelid, for he turns everything off with a wink, and then (*smiling as if at the recollection*) it's difficult to say anything more, for he's a wonderfully funny fellow, there's no doubt of that, nuisance as he is in a house.

Dora. I don't think him funny at all. If there is anything wonderful in him it is a pathetic gift he has—a power of working on your feelings and all that. But he is odious altogether. (*rises; sits on chair*, L.)

Frank. (*rising and half sitting on* R. *table*) Well, I've done all I can, but he won't take a hint. When I told him that I wanted Jack Trevor to stay a short time with us, only we had not another room——

Dora. (*sits* L.) I remember, he said "Sure an' these small houses break your heart entoirely." (*aside*) It kept out Mr. Trevor though, which was a mercy. (*aloud*) And don't you remember, Frank, when I told him quite plainly that I expected my cousin Sophie Crumples, and that she would want to go into his room——

Frank. I recollect; said he should be "deloighted." (*aside*) It blocked out Sophie Crumples, however, and that was worth anything.

Dora. Ah! odious creature! Oh Frank! Can't you do something?

Frank. Do something! My dear Dora, do consider the delicacy of my position; (*gets to* C.) that I'm a young doctor waiting for patients—who don't come, confound them!—and how very particular I have to be to offend no one. This fellow might do me a

lot of harm if he liked. So let us bear with him as best we can till he chooses to go. He can't stay for ever. Where is he now?

Dora. That's just what I'm dying to tell you. Where do you think?

Frank. If you are dying to tell me why do you ask me to guess? Smoking in the drawing-room?

Dora. Not this morning.

Frank. Lecturing the servants?

Dora. Not just now.

Frank. Speaking to the cook about the dinner?

Dora. Oh! he has done that already.

Frank. (*impatiently*) Where is he then?

Dora. In bed.

Frank. (*astonished*) In——

Dora. (*sharply*) Bed.

Frank. In bed! at this hour! one o'clock! Why, he was at breakfast. He must be ill. I had better go to him. He may want—— (*as if to go*)

Dora. (*rises*) Frank! You would never try to cure him if he were ill—would you? You would never stop the *only* way by which we can hope to get rid of him?

Frank. What do you mean?

Dora. Well, it *is* the only way. He will never go as long as he is alive, I'm sure.

Enter, MARY, C.

Mary. Please, ma'am, the Major's calling for seltzer water and brandy.

Dora. There! The house might be an inn.

Frank. (R. *of* R. *table*) Well, you know where they are.

Exit, MARY, C.

Dora. What! he is to have it, is he? (*sits*, L.)

Frank. My love, we can't deny him the common necessaries of existence. (*sits on table*, R.)

Dora. (*at work*) The necessaries of existence! Well, I wonder what you would have said if some friend of mine—if Sophie Crumples, for instance—had come and occupied the house as this wretch of yours has done.

Frank. (*aside*) I'll be hanged if Sophie Crumples ever has the chance.

Dora. She might have gone to bed at one o'clock, I suppose.

Frank. Whatever hour she went it would have been all one to me. (re-enter MARY, C.) Well, what is it now?

Mary. (C.) Major O'Golly says, sir, that on second thoughts he should prefer whiskey. (DORA *laughs ironically*)

Frank. Well, well, well—take it him. Exit, MARY.

Dora. (*sarcastically*) Do *all* your friends require spirits in a morning, Frank?

Frank. You'll know when Jack Trevor comes what my real friends are like.

Dora. (*aside*) If I am to wait till then I shall never know. Mr. Trevor shall never stay here. (*aloud*) "He should prefer whiskey." I think it's disgusting.

Frank. So it is; no doubt it is—or would be in an Englishman. But these Irishmen—whiskey's mother's milk to them.

Dora. Indeed! It's more like being brought up by the bottle, I think. And you may say what you like, Frank, about the necessity of not offending him because you're a doctor, but how you can expect patients to come when you have such a man as this in the house, I don't know.

Frank. (R. *of* R. *table*) Why, how should he prevent them? I dare say the public take him for a patient. They see him at the door daily. They must suppose he comes here for something.

Dora. But they can't suppose he came here for good. A patient! He doesn't look a bit like a patient.

Frank. (*gets to* C.) Pooh! Dolly! How should you know what a patient looks like?

Dora. (*bitterly*) How should I, indeed—in this house?

Frank. You need not sneer at me for my ill-success, Dora, at any rate.

Dora. (*rises*) No, no, my darling! I did not mean it for a moment. But this dreadful man! I am so vexed I don't know what I say.

Frank. Vexed! and who isn't vexed? (*savagely*) I am so vexed I should like to kick somebody.

Dora. (*coaxingly*) Well, why not, dear! I dare say he would go then.

Frank. Hang it! You can't kick a man in your own house.

Dora. No, but I mean kick him *out* of the house, Frank.

Re-enter, MARY, C.

Mary. Oh dear! oh dear! Please ma'am, is there any Polly Nary water?

Dora. What?

Mary. Polly Nary water, ma'am. Major O'Golly says he's been thinking it over again, and he'd sooner have Polly Nary water with his whiskey. There's more "go" in it ma'am, the Major says.

Dora. Oh, then for mercy's sake, let him have some, Frank.

Frank. (R. *of* R. *table*) There is none. Tell him there is no Apollinaris water; and that if seltzer water won't do, I'm afraid he must go without.

Mary. Yes, sir. Exit, C.

Dora. Frank! listen! I've got an idea. (FRANK *gets* C.) I know how to make him go. Borrow money of him.

Frank. Eh? By Jove! Dolly, that's a good notion. We've never tried that at any rate. Yes. Where is some paper? (*sits* R. *of table* R.) It might——(*writes*) "Dear O'Golly . . . could . . . oblige me infinitely . . sorry to trouble you . . . would you mind lending me five pounds? . . . forgive this . . . " There! (re-enter, MARY, C.) Ah! I just want you. Take this to Major O'Golly and wait for an answer. (*folding note*)

Mary. Yes, sir, but—this note from the Major.

Frank. Eh?

Mary. And I was to wait for an answer to that.

Frank. Oh—just open it, Dolly, will you, while I finish this? (*directing envelope*)

Dora. (*opens note*) The wretch!

Frank. Eh? (*reprovingly, with a glance towards* MARY) My dear!

Dora. Well! who could help it? Just listen. (*reads*) "My dear boy, lend me a tenner and make me your slave for life. I'll pay you again in no time." I suspect that's true enough. Then here's some Latin. (*reads*) "'Bis dat qui cito dat,' which means, send it in two fivers and be quick about it." (*indignantly*) It doesn't, does it, Frank?

Frank. Of course it doesn't. Confound the impudent bog-trotting——

Dora. (*reprovingly, with a glance at* MARY) My love!

Frank. Well, I only meant—(*to* MARY) My compliments to Major O'Golly, and I'm sorry I can't oblige him. (*tears his own note*)

Mary. Yes, sir. And if you please, ma'am, I should wish to give warning.

Dora. (L. *of* R. *table*) Very well. I'm not surprised to hear it. I expect all the servants will give warning, and I can't complain if they do.

Frank. What on earth do you want to leave for?

Mary. I'm very sorry, sir, but—my health is not strong, and Major O'Golly he—he wants so much attendance, and——

Dora. Of course—of course. You see, my dear—(*to* MARY) Very well. (MARY *going*)

Frank. (*passes behind table to door,* C.) Stop, Mary! don't be silly—I'm going to speak to Major O'Golly now. He is in his bedroom, I think?

Mary. No; just gone into the drawing-room, sir.

Frank. Very good—I shall be back directly, Dora.

Dora. Oh! my dear, you will find out——

Frank. I am determined to have a distinct answer when he means to go! Exit, C.

Dora. Oh, dear Frank! Be firm! (*gets to* R. *of* R. *table*)

Mary. (C.) I'm very sorry, ma'am. I'm sure till the Major came I had no cause to complain of my place at all.

Dora. There's no explanation necessary. I tell you I think you are quite right to leave. Your work must be double what——

Mary. Oh! it isn't the work. I'm not afraid of work, ma'am.

Dora. Not of fair work, I'm sure. But the trouble Major O'Golly gives must——

Mary. Oh! I don't mind the trouble, ma'am.

Dora. I don't quite understand, then—I think——

Mary. Well, ma'am, you see—it isn't—now master's gone I can tell you—it isn't the work. The Major's too free, ma'am. Yes, ma'am, kissing the servants and all that.

Dora. (*horrified*) Kissing! You don't mean that he has dared——

Mary. Oh! yes, ma'am—he's dared it a long time, but he done it this morning.

Dora. (*in consternation*) Well! And whom did he kiss?

Mary. Me, ma'am! Yes, ma'am. I'd no sooner taken the wire off the seltzer-water, and was struggling with the cork, than the Major—he seized the opportunity, ma'am.

Dora. It's shameful! it's horrible! You should have told your master this before he went to speak to Major O'Golly.

Mary. (*bashfully*) Yes, ma'am! But one doesn't like to mention such things before gentlemen—and they only laugh, I've noticed. They don't seem to think so much of them as we do.

Dora. It's too disgusting—when my husband hears of this he—(*laughter heard off* R. C.) What's that?

Mary. That's the Major laughing, ma'am. He is a funny gentleman and that's true.

Dora. Funny! Ah! your master is insisting on his going and the horrid creature is trying to laugh it off. (*laugh of two voices*)

Mary. Aren't they both laughing it off, ma'am?

Dora. No, surely. (*laugh*) Yes—ah! they must have arranged it all with good humor then. Well, that is better, no doubt. Run away, Mary; they may want you to call a cab, perhaps. (exit, MARY, C.) He must have consented to go; and if he has there will be no necessity for my mentioning his disgusting behavior. Frank would be furious, I'm sure. I cannot understand the way men treat women. (*rises, crosses to* L.) Look at Frank's friend, Mr. Trevor, the way he behaved to Sophie Crumples—simply deserted her because—just because—well, he knew she didn't mean it. He knew perfectly well that he had only to ask again. Ah! I hate him. He shall never come to this house, I'm determined. Major O'Golly is bad enough—makes my life miserable, and—(*gets to table*, L. FRANK re-enters, *laughing*, C.) Oh, my darling! (*running to him*) Is he going?

Frank. (*seated* L. *of* R. *table*) Eh? (*speaking through suppressed*

laughter) He is the most amusing fellow I ever met. I declare he'd make a cow laugh.

Dora. Yes, dear, he's very amusing indeed. When does he go?

Frank. (*absently*) What? (*through laughter*) He has a story ready for every possible contingency that simply makes you ill with laughing.

Dora. Yes, dear, I know. When does he go?

Frank. (*absently*) H'm! (*through laughter*) What a face it is, by Jove! There is a cock of the eye that begins with half a wink, and develops into—— (*laughing*)

Dora. Frank! When does he go?

Frank. H'm? What? Eh? Oh! Go? I don't know.

Dora. (*indignant surprise*) You don't know!

Frank. No, he made me laugh so that I couldn't think of his going.

Dora. Do you mean he is to remain?

Frank. No, no; of course not.

Dora. Then, Frank, when is he going?

Frank. Upon my word, my dear, I can't say. I suppose he'll stay a short time longer.

Dora. Then you mean to say you didn't send him off?

Frank. No! He sent me off. (*laughing*)

Dora. (*walks to* L. C., *and back to* C., *annoyed*) I declare, Frank, I did not think you were so weak. I did not think that when you had fairly made up your mind about a thing you would be diverted from your purpose by a wretched joke. However, you will have to make him go now, for since you went, something has come to my ears that makes it impossible for him to remain longer under the same roof with me.

Frank. (*rising*) What on earth do you mean?

Dora. Why—but you must promise me not to be violent about it. You must promise me, Frank.

Frank. Why can't you say what you mean? If it is anything to be violent about I certainly won't promise.

Dora. No, no, it isn't.

Frank. Then what's the good of my promising? Now, hang it all, what is it, Dora?

Dora. Well, my dear, if you'll be quite calm, he—now be patient, Frank!—he—Major O'Golly, you know—I declare I'm almost ashamed to mention it—but he—Oh, Frank!—(*in a low, horrified tone*) he kisses the servants!

Frank. (*indifferently*) Oh! (*dropping into chair,* R.) That all? Ha! ha!

Dora. That all!—and you can laugh!

Frank. (*still grinning*) No, no. I didn't laugh, did I?

Dora. Yes, you did, and you're laughing now. Why, I think his conduct is disgusting.

Frank. So it is—so no doubt it is—at least it would be in an Englishman; but these Irishmen, somehow they are different.

Dora. Different! Arn't they to behave themselves properly?

Frank. Upon my word, Dolly, I don't know.

Dora. But in the house, Frank.

Frank. In the House! Nay, by George! that's where they behave worst of all.

Dora. I don't know what you mean. But, of course, you will speak to him about this?

Frank. (*rises*) I declare I can't, Doll. I should laugh.

Dora. Then, if you won't, I will.

Frank. All right. You will do it far better than I should.

Dora. I shall tell him plainly that he must go. (*goes up* C. *door*)

Frank. Do, and I wish you all success. (*as she is going*) Take care he don't make you laugh.

Dora. Make *me* laugh? I am not so weak. Exit, C.

Frank. Weak! Ha! ha! Weak for laughing at a witty thing! (*rising and walking room*) Women have no more sense of humor than a Highlander. Is it the petticoat that does it, I wonder? They are all the same. Look at that cousin of hers, Sophie Crumples. Did any one ever tell that girl a story without her saying at the end of it, "And did so and so do so and so?" She has not the sense to see the point of the story, you know, and so wonders why you stop there. By Jove! how I hate that girl! I always disliked her, but the way she treated Jack Trevor was unpardonable! leading him on, and leading him on, and then when he proposed— Bah! it's too disgusting. No! sooner than she should be a guest in my house I—(*glancing out of the window*) By Jove! a telegraph boy! (*knock at front door*) Yes, by all that is fortunate. Is the luck turned at last? How delighted Dolly will be! A summons to the country perhaps. (*goes to door*) Here you are, Mary! Bring it in quick. (*gets* R. *of* R. *table*)

MARY *appears at door.*

Mary. What in, sir?

Frank. Why, the telegram. You've got a telegram there, haven't you?

Mary. Yes, sir; for Major O'Golly.

Frank. For Major——! Oh! Oh, very well! all right. (**exit** MARY, C.; *he crosses to fire-place* L.) This fellow is a perfect curse. All my letters and telegrams are for him. How can a man get on when the very means of communication with the outer world are closed against him by this pernicious son of Erin? Ah me! another morning gone and nothing done. What's come to all the patients? Is the world grown healthier all of a sudden—or only wiser? Confound this O'Golly! My home is not my own. I'm a sort of major domo, my wife a mere housekeeper to this inso-

lent intruder, who——(DORA **re-enters, C.,** *kerchief to her eyes*) You are laughing!

Dora. (R. C.) I'm not, I'm c—c—crying.

Frank. Why? What for? What's the matter now?

Dora. Oh, Frank! He—he touched me.

Frank. Touched you! Has he had the audacity——(*springing up furious*)

Dora. No—no, I don't mean that. Affected me, I mean.

Frank. Oh! I see. Well, will he go?

Dora. (*absently*) Eh? (*in a tearful voice*) Oh! how he has suffered! (*sits* L. *of* R. *table*)

Frank. Has he, indeed? Will he go?

Dora. (*absently*) What? (*as before*) And how nobly he has borne it!

Frank. Oh! no doubt. Will he go? (L. *of* DORA)

Dora. (*absently*) H'm, dear? (*as before*) So patiently and bravely.

Frank. (*forcibly*) Will he go?

Dora. What, dear? H'm? Eh? Oh. . . . Go? I don't know.

Frank. (*gets to fireplace*) You don't know?

Dora. No! he—he—(*in tears*) Oh, Frank! (*he gets close on her* L.) He told me about his mother. (*leans her head on* FRANK'S *breast*)

Frank. About his mother! Did you allow him to talk you round after all your fine speeches? Do you mean to say that you didn't tell him to go after all?

Dora. How could I when I was crying?

Frank. Crying? Well, this is as feeble a piece of work as ever I heard of.

Dora. It was no feebler than your own. You couldn't tell him either.

Frank. No; because he made me laugh so confoundedly. (*gets to fire*)

Dora. Well! and he made me cry so—so bitterly.

Frank. Ay, ay; but that's different. If I had laughed when I told him to go he'd have seen I wasn't serious. But if you had cried when you told him to go, he'd have known you weren't joking.

Dora. Not at all; if I had cried when I told him to go, he would have thought I was sorry for his going. But if you had laughed when——

Frank. Nonsense! (*gets to fireplace,* L.)

Dora. It isn't nonsense, Frank. The nonsense was ever inviting such a person to the house.

Frank. I wonder how often you are going to tell me that? The fellow's here and there's an end of it.

Dora. The fellow's here and there's no end of it. (*bitterly; sits* L. *of* R. *table*) Well, I did not think that in the first year of my married life I should have been so dreadfully miserable. I *did* suppose that I should have been mistress of my own house at any rate.

Frank. (*sits* L. C.) Do be reasonable, Dolly; you are just as much mistress of it as I am master.

Dora. (*coldly*) That is no consolation.

Frank. Now, let us have no more of this. It was a rash thing to do, I confess, asking him here. (*gets to her side; louder, to drown interruption*) Yes, I confess it, I say, so let us have no more recrimination. Let us rather think how we are to get rid of the incubus.

Dora. (*rises*) Why not lend him the money he wanted—or give it him, if he'll go? I suppose it would be much the same thing.

Frank. Oh, it would be quite the same thing.

Dora. He'd take it, I dare say.

Frank. Oh, he'd take it, I'm certain.

Dora. Well, then, I'm sure it would be well worth ten pounds to get rid of him.

Frank. Yes, but—ten pounds!

Dora. (*querulously*) Well, Frank, perhaps he'd go for less.

Frank. More likely come for more.

Dora. But if he took the money and didn't go he would be a cheat; though, of course, he is that already. A mere *chevalier d'industrie*—a man who lives by his wits.

Frank. (*impatiently*) What do you mean by living by his wits?

Dora. Why, living by other persons' folly. If you hadn't invited him here——

Frank. (*angrily*) Again! (*a loud rap at front door*)

Dora. (*jumping up*) Oh! Frank! A patient! (*running to window*)

Frank. (*nervously eager*) Think it is? What's it like? A he or a she? Can you make it out? I wish I knew what was going to be the matter with him—with her—with——(*runs to book-case, takes out book, turns over leaves*) I could just glance at the treatment before——

Dora. (*at window*) I can see a bit of an umbrella.

Frank. An umbrella! Hum! no diagnosing a case from an umbrella! Male or female, do you think?

Dora. (*at window*) Female, I think.

Frank. (*turning leaves hurriedly*) Hysterics—vapors—unreasonable fancies.

Dora. No, no—it's a man—I can see one of its ribs.

Frank. See his ribs! (*turning leaves*) Emaciation—wasting——

Dora. (*coming from window with jumps of joy*) He's let in! he's let in!

Frank. Hush! hush! or he'll hear. Hush! while she is showing him into the waiting-room. I wish with all my soul I knew what was the matter with him.

Dora. (*in great delight*) Shall I run away, Frank?

Frank. Don't you be in a hurry, my love. Let him suppose I am engaged with another patient. When you do go you might just open and then bang the front door, you know. (*gets* R. *of table*)

Dora. I know. (*peeping through door*) Oh, Mary! (MARY *appears at door with card*) Who is it?

Mary. Mr. Feargus O'Toole, ma'am.

Dora. (*excitedly*) Mr. Feargus O'Toole, Frank.

Frank. Mr. Feargus O'Toole! (*takes card*)

Dora. (*to* MARY) He's in the waiting-room, of course?

Mary. No, ma'am; in the drawing-room.

Dora. In the drawing-room! Why did you——

Mary. Because he is come to see Major O'Golly, ma'am.

Dora. } (*together*) Come to see——
Frank. } Come to see——

Mary. Major O'Golly, ma'am. **Exit, C.**

Dora. I wish Major O'Golly were at the bottom of the Red Sea. (*falling into chair in angry disappointment*)

Frank. I wish Major O'Golly had got—Glanders! Of all the heart-breaking trades that ever were invented this doctoring is the worst. Isn't it disgusting, Dolly?

Dora. Disgusting! I believe the man will drive me mad. Visitors coming to him now!

Frank. Yes, but I meant—I suppose, as far as visitors are concerned, as long as he's in the house we can't grumble at his friends coming to see him.

Dora. Not when they come knocking at the door like patients? and I dare say haven't a guinea in the world.

Frank. Then it's a good thing they are not patients. I've had enough of giving advice for nothing. Hang the fellow! What are we to do?

Dora. Don't ask me. I've had enough of giving advice for nothing too. If he has other friends why doesn't he go and stay with them?

Frank. I don't know. I know nothing about O'Golly's friends, and don't want to. (*gets* R. *of* R. *table*)

Dora. Perhaps not. But no doubt you'll have to.

Re-enter, MARY, C.

Mary. Major O'Golly's compliments, ma'am, and (*slowly, as if*

repeating a lesson) he's taken the liberty of asking—his tried friend, Mr. Feargus O'Toole—of Ballyboroo, County Galway—to lunch.

Dora. I said so. (*decidedly*) Give my compliments to Major O'Golly, and say that I am very sorry, but——

Frank. (*crossing to* DORA) No, no—stop, Dolly. Hang it! We can't refuse, for the credit of the house, to give his friend a slice of cold meat and—(*to* MARY) Give your mistress's compliments (DORA *makes a gesture of contemptuous resignation*) and say that we shall be happy to see Mr.—what's his confounded name?—at luncheon. (*gets to* R.)

Mary. Yes, sir. Exit, C.

Frank. (*as* DORA *is going off in contemptuous silence*) Are you going, Dolly?

Dora. If you don't object, Frank. I'm going to my room.

Frank. Going to your room?

Dora. Yes—I cannot meet this man. I really cannot. I know that I am bound to obey you in all things—I vowed to do it; and though when I took you for my husband I did not understand that there was to be an Irishman thrown in, yet I have no thought of being worse than my word. But I do entreat you not to insist upon my meeting this man.

Frank. I don't insist upon it at all. If you please to absent yourself, I will make your excuses.

Dora. Thank you, Frank. (*a sob, and* exit, U. E. L.)

Frank. (*after a moody silence*) This fellow is sapping the foundations of my married happiness. Confound it! That a man's home should be ruined by his wife's falling in love with another fellow and preferring his society is legitimate enough—I mean is—well! there are several precedents for it; one knows where one is, and it is, at any rate, a comprehensible state of affairs. But that a man's peace should be annihilated by his wife's hating another fellow, and loathing the sight of him—hang it! there's no sense in it—there's no comfort, no compensating advantage in it anywhere, no——

Re-enter, DORA, *door*, L.

Dora. Oh, Frank!

Frank. (*gets to* R. C.) Well, Doll? what now! Any more misfortunes?

Dora. Oh, Frank!

Frank. Yes, yes?

Dora. What do you think he has had the face to ask now?

Frank. Who? O'Golly? (*gets to* R. C.) Nay, goodness knows. His face is a perfect note of interrogation and would ask anything. What?

Dora. He came out of the drawing-room just as I passed the door, and he had the impudence, the insolence, the audacity, the——

Frank. Yes, go on. Never mind the particulars. The audacity to—what?

Dora. To ask me whether we could give his friend, Mr. O'Toole, a bed to-night.

Frank. No, no, confound it!

Dora. No, no! I should think not indeed. And when I said—Oh, Frank!—that I was sorry but we had not another spare room, he had the effrontery, the——

Frank. Yes—yes. Well?

Dora. To say that it did not matter. They could—Oh, Frank!—they could pig together in his room.

Frank. Pig together!

Dora. He said so, I declare, and was going in again as if everything was settled. But I stopped him and told him that I could consent to nothing of the sort, that our small household was already put to much inconvenience, and I was going on when he interrupted me in the most unceremonious manner by saying that (*imitating accent*) his thried friend, Mr. O'Toole, was the most regular man aloive, was not the smallest throuble to a sowl, and as for quoitness, ye might hear a pin dhrop if Mr. O'Toole was within twenty miles of ye.

Frank. Quietness! What has his quietness to do with—(*cornet heard,* L., *playing "Home, sweet home," out of tune*)—What in the world's that? Why, it is in the house. Someone is blowing trumpets in the house.

Dora. Of course; it's those two dreadful men.

Frank. (*ringing furiously*) Who? O'Golly and his friend? They can't have the insolence to—(re-enter MARY, *with a note on salver*) What is this incredible din? Eh? What is it?

Mary. (*offering note, which he takes mechanically*) Oh, sir, (*giggling*) The Major and the—the other gentleman are blowing a horn—beautiful! Exit *quickly, as if to hear better,* C.

Frank. Blowing a horn! In my house! Do you hear?

Dora. How can I help it, Frank? My only consolation is that they must blow the roof off soon, and I've heard that even an Irishman will leave a house when that happens.

Frank. And, by George! if ever there was a case for eviction this is one. (*walking room angrily*) I've borne this long enough. (*opens note hastily*) Hallo! Jack Trevor! (*aside*) Jack Trevor it is. (*reads*) "Up in town—be with you any moment—stop at home." By Jove! This settles the matter. My dear, I've just received a letter from Jack Trevor.

Dora. Trevor! Mr. Trevor!

Frank. Yes, he will be here directly and will stay. Now for Major O'Golly. (*gets to door*) I'll be hanged if he shan't go now. Exit, C.

Dora. No, stay, Frank! There, he's gone! He will certainly

send him away this time, and I shall be obliged to have that odious Mr. Trevor, reeking with his treacherous desertion of Sophie—No—I cannot—I really cannot. He shall never stay in any house where I am mistress.

Enter, MARY, C.; *gets* L. *of* DORA.

Mary. A telegram for you, ma'am.

Dora. For me! (*takes it;* exit MARY; *she opens telegram*) Why, it's from Sophie herself. (*reads*) "Don't go out—wait for me—shall be with you immediately—something to tell you." How charming if she would only come first so that if Frank really sends Major O'Golly away I could ask her to stay before Mr. Trevor comes. And so she will. "Immediately," she says. Oh! everything is coming right after all.

Enter, FRANK, C.

Dora. Is he gone, Frank?

Frank. Gone! No, by Jove!

Dora. Not gone! Does he say he won't go?

Frank. No, he doesn't say so, confound him! but he won't understand me though I let him have it through the keyhole, I can tell you.

Dora. Through the keyhole!

Frank. Yes—he'd locked himself in with his friend O'Toole, and I gave him my opinion in the strongest language I could find.

Dora. And is that all you gave him?

Frank. What else could I give him through the keyhole? But Trevor will be here directly; he is a barrister, you know. I shall ask him about it. Besides, it's his bedroom.

Dora. His bedroom! Oh! as to that, Frank, I don't know—I've just had a telegram from Sophie to say that she will be here immediately, and of course she must stop.

Frank. (*aside*) I'll be hanged if she does! (*aloud*) But Trevor, my love! I have promised—and as he will be here first, my pet—(*showing letter*)—for you see he says "any moment."

Dora. (*showing telegram*) But didn't I explain, my dearest love? She says "immediately."

Frank. (*sharply*) But he says "stop at home."

Dora. And she says "don't go out."

Frank. (*aside*) By gad! Then it's which ever comes first. (*knock at front door*)

Dora. There! There's a cab now—(*running to window*)—a cab with a quantity of luggage. Oh! it must be Sophie—I'm sure it's Sophie. (*coming back, joyfully*)

Frank. (*aside*) Confound Sophie! she shan't stay here. I must stop it. (*aloud*) Look here, Dora; I don't want to be disagreeable, but—but I object to that girl staying here.

Dora. What girl?

Frank. Well—Sophie Crumples.

Dora. (*coldly*) Why?

Frank. Because she treated Trevor so badly.

Dora. It was he who treated her badly, on the contrary.

Frank. Why, he offered to marry her. I don't know what more he could have done.

Dora. He could have offered again. He knew she didn't mean it. A man really in love wouldn't be frightened at one repulse.

Frank. A woman really in love wouldn't inflict one repulse. *You* didn't.

Dora. I! Oh! . . I! One must speak frankly to a doctor or it's no good fetching him. Then you forbid my asking Sophie to stay?

Frank. (*sullenly*) I don't want to put it in that way, but I'd rather she didn't.

Dora. Well, then, if you ask Mr. Trevor I shall go home to mamma. I'd sooner have anybody in the world in the house than that man.

Frank. And I'd sooner have anybody in the world in the house than that girl.

Enter, MARY, C. D.

Dora. } (*together*) I'd sooner have——
Frank. } I'd sooner have——

Mary. Mrs. Major O'Golly!

They stagger back to different sides of the room; a pause of horror.

Both. Who? Mrs.——?

Mary. Mrs. Major O'Golly, ma'am. In the dining-room, ma'am.

Dora. In the dining-room? That man's wife?

Mary. Yes, ma'am; inquiring for the Major, and drinking the sherry.

Frank. What! Not already?

Mary. Yes, sir, and lots of luggage. (*drops into chair*)

Dora. (*drops into chair*) Luggage! Oh! Coming to stop! Oh! Frank! (*covers her face with her hands*)

Frank. I won't have that luggage brought into the house—not a bandbox of it. Run, Mary, quick.

Mary. Yes, sir; but I must tell the Major. (DORA *is weeping*) Exit, C.

Dora. (*looking up and speaking in a hollow, absent voice*) Frank, is the house insured?

Frank. Yes, certainly.

Dora. Then let us set fire to it; it's the only way to get rid of them, I'm certain.

Frank. Don't be absurd, Dolly.

Dora. To think that we were disputing about other visitors com-

ing, when—Oh! I'll never quarrel with you again, Frank! Oh! oh!

Frank. There, Dora! Don't cry; go and lie down for a while and leave me to— (enter MARY, *crying*, C.) You crying too? What on earth's the matter with you?

Mary. Nothing, sir; only I didn't think I should have felt it so much.

Frank. Felt what? Look here, tell Major O'Golly that I will not——

Mary. Major O'Golly's gone! (*sob*)

Frank. Gone!

Dora. (*springing up*) Gone!

Frank. Gone! without our hearing him! Impossible!

Mary. No, sir. The Major no sooner heard that Mrs. O'Golly was in the house than he took the small hand-bag that holds his luggage, sir, and crept down stairs with his friend as quiet as two cats, slipped out of the front door and was gone! (*sobbing*)

Dora. Gone! without his wife!

Frank. Gone and left that woman behind! (*noise of door*, R.; *runs to window*) No, no! There she goes—there she goes flying down the street like a mad thing. I wouldn't be Major O'Golly if she catches him. Run, run, Mary, and lock the front door quick!

Mary. Yes, sir.

Dora. And put the chain up, quick!

Mary. Yes, ma'am; but the visitors?

Dora. What visitors?

Mary. Mr. and Mrs. Trevor in the drawing-room.

Dora.
Frank. } Mr. and Mrs. Trevor!

Mary. Yes, ma'am; Miss Crumples that was.

Dora. What, are they married after all?

Mary. Yes, ma'am.

Frank. What, both of them? I mean, to each other?

Mary. Yes, sir.

Dora. There! He must have asked her again. Oh! that dear Mr. Trevor!

Frank. And she didn't jilt him this time. Oh! that charming Sophie!

Dora. Oh! Frank, how all our difficulties seem to vanish the moment Major O'Golly's gone! We can ask them both to stay, can't we?

Frank. Eh? . . Why of course we can. We'll have the pair of them, and I hope they will stop till——

Dora. Till we think it another CASE FOR EVICTION.

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